

THE HONOLULU TIMES

Elite Building, Room 2.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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no true peace in the family or in the nation; and, lacking peace, ruin ensues. That is logic.

An intemperate one is unsound, lacks balance, and so, cannot reason—cannot make a Judge, for instance of an intemperate man. We all know what these things mean.

So, it is so far, a very warm season, and only July.

Bishop Willis is fifty years in orders today. It must be a very quiet life at Tonga. But it was quiet here, too, on his arrival; all was in a narrow compass at that time—"June, 1872." Honolulu was then indeed a country village. But it must be something more than dull in Nukualofa, Tonga.

It will not be dull on Hotel-st., with the Young Cafe and its music, and Manager Cohen and his new theater. It is a nice little theater, not so very small, and certainly has an excellent locality, with good surroundings to keep it a first-class theater. There will always be the Y. M. C. A. and the Young Hotel, with the fine Elite Building opposite, and always Bishop-st. with its beautiful park. So, the theater has a fine environment to give it an impetus.

Good shows are always acceptable with the general public. A poor show is in bad taste, and yields no income or favor, finally. The doors must close in due time, and the dues paid, from lack of principle!

A wicked play, whether drama or moving picture, is truly a bad investment for the owner, and can be of no use in this city of Honolulu.

It would be an ignorant stranger that would undertake any such show here. This city is closely but quietly safeguarded, as far as may be, from vicious influences.

We must hope that the Curfew law will continue to be an all-alive ordinance. Nine o'clock is none too early for growing children to be asleep in their homes.

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How many faces we all loved to see on the streets, have left us in the past few months, gone silently out of our lives and our interests, never to return.

A thoughtful and sober-minded man of experience said to us: "But no one ever comes back to tell us anything about the other place—what it is like." And he was very serious. But if we pray and trust and ask for faith.

That company has been rehearsing for many hours, getting in readiness for the opening, tonight. Truly they work.—(The New Orpheum.)

Supt. Rath is a tall man, and from the report sent in, looks like he is doing a tall work at Palama.

July 8—We are glad to read today that Miss Davison looks closely after neglected and hungry children, sometimes maltreated and cannot defend themselves. One abused little one ought to arouse the attention of any judge and jury.

July 13—Who could ask for a better set of men than the Rapid Transit; they are a prohibition and a promotion lot, always trying to prevent anyone from jumping on and off the cars at wrong times, always directing strangers how to get the most ride for one five cents—civil, patient and alert, losing no time, and attending to the work before them as if the car really belonged to them.

July 14—Yes, these are, to us, all warm days; but Prof. Scott says, not more so than usual at this season. We do not murmur when thinking of other cities! Why will people venture to fly only to so often be dashed to their death? How many of late, truly terrible to read.

When we go in the Cafe, we forget our coffee, looking at the beautiful windows of palms; they tell us the electric lights there make them flourish; anyway, we see they grow—something favors them.

Perhaps they want to be tall like the trees opposite in the park.

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My! how those trees grow, eh? Fine.

More than likely they want to please the Manager, that gives to them pleasant look as he walks about, for he is fond of plant life. Everybody, in fact, likes the manager, for he spares no pains to make every guest feel at home and comfortable. All notice his thoughtful kindness, early and late. Not strange that strangers like to go in there.

Kindness wins the world over.

Yes, and true unselfish kindness win the world over to us, strangers or old friends; it reacts, rebounds, so to speak. Mr. Hertsche upstairs is the same; so the Hotel is doubly favored in its management.

July 16—Wray Taylor, formerly a resident of Honolulu, but for the past ten years in San Francisco, died yesterday morning, a cablegram to that effect having been received in this city. He gave the first organ recital in the Islands and rang the first chime of bells. He was the assistant at the dedication of the organs of St. Andrew's, Central Union, Oahu College, Hilo Foreign Church, Makawao Foreign Church, Kaimakapili Church, and Kamehameha Chapel.

Mr. Taylor won a host of friends in Honolulu for his many kind and most faithful offices at St. Andrew's and other churches, always ready to help. He will never be forgotten by his friends in this Territory. His children have inherited his talent for music and one daughter is the able organist of St. Andrew's, where her father served for twenty years.

We know the tourists at will,